Por. Goe in *Nerriſſa.*
Giue order to my ſeruants, that they take
no note at all of our being abſent hence,
nor you *Lorenzo*, *Ieſſica* nor you.

Loren. Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
vve are no tell-tales Madame, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinks is but the day light ſicke,
it lookes a little paler, tis a day,
ſuch as the day is when the ſunne is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
if you would walke in abſence of the ſunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
for a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
and neuer be *Baſſanio* ſo for me,
but God ſort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Baſſ. I thank you Madam, giue welcome to my friend,
this is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
to whom I am ſo infinitely bound.

Por. You ſhould in all ſence be much bound to him,
for as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe:
it muſt appeare in other wayes then words,
therefore I ſcant this breathing curteſie.

Gra. By yonder moone I ſweare you doe me wrong,
infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,
vvould he were gelt that had it for my part,
ſince you doe take it Loue ſo much at hart.

Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?

Grati. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
that ſhe did giue me, whoſe poſie was
for all the world like Cutlers poetry
vpon a knife, *Loue me, and leaue me not.*

Ner. What talke you of the poſie or the valew:
You ſwore to me when I did giue you,

that